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512 way, riding monkey-like on the hindquarters of one of the better-
218 conditioned animals, and looking as if every minute he would slide
462 off over the animal's tail. The herdsman's song is wild and weird,
[839] rising and falling in semitones. As often as not he starts off with a description of the beautiful grazing that his charges are going to find ahead of them. He pleads with his camels and says they are to trust him, their guide and helper. He it is who is leading them to pastures fair, and grass that is green and succulent. The camels seem to understand, for with sundry grunts and moans, they slowly follow him in single file. As they disappear into the early morning mist, the last you see or hear of the party is the distant singing of the camelherd. Then all are swallowed up in the morning fog. Like the sheep, the camels will not go far. Five to eight miles is their limit just now. Grazing has been so pitifully scarce in their long summer camp they must be allowed to get fit slowly; presently they will go further afield. The camelherd does not sleep by day. His is a much more valuable herd. He watches, with rifle ready, even though there is not the slightest rumour of danger or trouble in the air. To while away the long day, he may look for truffles on the hilltops or occasionally try and catch a jerboa. In the main, however, he watches and watches till the time comes to go home.

512 The camels and sheep having gone out to graze and the sun being
264 up, the tent family will have a meagre breakfast consisting of a little tea without milk, and some dates. If the housewife is in funds she may issue a small ration of bread to all; more often than not they go without.

512 The daughter of the house with her small sister, or her girl friend
462 from the neighbour's tent, now starts off to collect brushwood for
313 the day's needs. *'Arfaj* is what they seek, and as this has a tough root, they arm themselves with a small axe and several yards of goat's hair
[957] rope to carry home the firewood on their heads. Other children of from five to ten years old often accompany the girls to see if they can find an early flower or a truffle. It is their one way of enjoying themselves, they have few other amusements. The girls move off with strong healthy stride, their long sleeves bound behind their necks to free their arms, and their skirts hitched up at the waist to give freedom of movement. How straight and supple they are! Daily this fetching

[illegible] G-4 (289-47) 1951 Ad I Kuwait
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527 curtains, will start their picturesque tribal dances. Elderly women and
535 most of the married ones refrain from dancing, as it is considered unseemly, but the young ones revel in it, and more often than not the young lads of the tents who are related to the dancers are allowed to watch the performance from a decorous distance. This offers them the coveted chance of getting a peep at the face of their future bride.

This girl-dancing continues for only seven days, and is then scrupulously discontinued as savouring of immodesty and worldliness.

My wife and I have always made a point of camping for part of the *'Id* celebrations with various of our Badawin friends, and I have been privileged on several occasions to see Muntir, 'Awazim and Rashaida girls dance. But this privilege has only been extended to me at *'Id* times, never on other occasions. Curiously enough, the fathers of the young women never like to be present, and only lads closely related to the girls, not outsiders, are allowed to look on from a distance. Usually three girls at a time will dance, and they are accompanied by a sing-song chant of the elder women, who stand around and clap their hands to keep time. The dancers discard their *'abbas* and *burqas* and, decked out in all their brilliantly coloured *shanfs* or long flowing undergarments, hop about in short straight-legged jerks, at the same time gracefully swinging their heads from side to side or in circular motion to make their hair fly. The girls often carry a small cane which they hold with one tip in each hand. If they have no such cane they will cover the lower part of their face with one hand, as if out of modesty, or will hold a piece of their sleeve in front of their mouth. Each girl dances till she is exhausted; when tired she stops, puts her *'abba* over her head once more and sits down. Some are very attractive to watch.

Tribal men do not dance in their own homes at all. It is considered irreligious and unmanly to do so, and savours of the low-class *Sulubba*. This taboo does not apply to the *'ardha* described above, which is a war dance in which the highest in the land may take part. On many occasions the great Ibn Sa'ud himself has joined in the dance, and gained thereby the favour rather than the criticism of his people.

527 The following five songs are given as examples of tribal dance-
533 songs sung by the elder women as the younger ones dance. They are selected at random from many which my wife and I heard and noted

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when in camp. I have found them very difficult to translate, for there is a great deal of local patois in the text. 527 533

I

SONG OF MUTAIRI WOMEN 533 539

(After the surrender by the English of Faisal al Duwish to Bin Sa'ud)

(Each verse is sung four times by the chorus)

Ya galbi illi ghada kharfsh
Haddar as sama, hass taiyara.

Taiyáratain shálat Al Duwish
Ma'ad Yirja illa Diyára.

Wa haraima fi atraf al 'Ashish
Wa ukhta a lal hathm Sabára.

Translation.

Oh my heart (expressing fear) you are become mad, for
Under the sky is heard the sound of the aeroplane.

Two aeroplanes have carried off the Duwish,
Never again will he return to his homeland.

His women now sit disconsolate among the huts made of reeds,
While his sister has been driven to break her heart.

II

SONG OF 'AWAZIM WOMEN

(Each verse repeated four times)

Abbé tamanna lét man yirkab al Tiyar
Al mautar al Saiyid la sahburiyah.

Abbé anhab aleh illi nahuda, ma'ai bu Kubár
Wa abbe nahash bihs, yam al diyar al Shamaliyah.

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Mesir ash shahar yetwi fi tarfit nahár
La-i-gíd alay al taim, wa al khad bariyah.

Natahitni wa lagahni alay-ha ashgar al Natháı
Ghad al gulb hamaitha, a la ra'ad aishfiyah.

An in malaktaher, sirt min hazbat al Tijar
Bassat wa sigat, wa sár lutf al hashiliyah.

Translation.

I hope and long to ride her in a car
In the car of the Saiyid which hoots its horn.

I wish to steal her away, whose breasts are not too large,
And I wish to flee with her to the countries of the North.

What indeed would take a camel a month, can be done in one short day,
I'll make him haste his way, along the desert track.

She stopped me and met me, with her golden hair all loose,
My heart was afire for her, for the tattoo marks on her face.

And were I to possess her now, I'd become one of the merchant class,
Though she beat me and lamed me, happiness would be mine for ever.

III

SONG OF 'AWAZIM WOMEN

(Each verse repeated four times)

A ruz al Assa, wa al bisht, wa aumi rai al rail
Ta'ad al Zaragi, wa zah tadui ma'a hila.

Assa ha taghulla, ma waguf yum a suwat hail,
Hanna waghifiir fil turab, wa asiyah wa mila.

Ana abbé y wasalni illa-l-bait gabal al lail
Abbé ashuf ha min aimmi, wa galbi y raila.

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Song of the Black Camels

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Mita yinzelun al 'Ad ya hayiri al tawil
Sabart ya sabra al Khata, thaat al hila.

Ashiri la tub albini mithi al Nejma al Suhail
Thalatha wa Khamis wa sit saffat mujadilah.

Translation.

I raised my stick and waved my coat to the owner of the car,
He went over the rise a bag full of deceit.

May he be brought to confusion, who did not stop when I hailed him
For I stood in the road, and called and waved my cloak.

I desired him to get me to my house ere night overtook me,
I wished to see with my eyes her whom my heart desired to behold.

When will he return, that tall traveller, for
I have waited a dreadful wait, till I have lost all hope.

My dear one, you are like the star Canopus,
And I will yet unplait three, five, six of your lovely braids.

IV

QASIDAT AL SHURUF*

Al Shuruf wail ich
a la ma fad
Wail ich a la daur ich
al 'ammah

Ya tawal ma Faisal
yem Ra'iyich
Al yum Ra'iyich
ghailama

Hatti Jinnaiya†
a la yemnach
Ta-hahari add
Ibn Lami.

* The famous black camel herd of the Mutair. † A hill in the Summan (Najd).

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Translation.

Oh ye Shuruf, woe unto you
for ye failed;
Woe to you, for ye failed
when needed,
For the long-lifed Faisal
was your herdsman;
To-day your herdsman he is
no longer.
Put the hill of Jinnaiya
on your right
And depart ye to
Ibn Lami.

V

'Ajman song celebrating Rakan al Hithlain's return from captivity in Istambul.

(*Shaikh Salim al Hamud*, 10.8.40.)

Ya fátri dhibbi tawárif tamíya
Ilya zimatlich mithl khashm hassáni
Khubbi khabib al Dhíb majar haddíya
Tanáhari birzan zain al Mibámi
Mohámmadan lazmán aláina mijíah
Gabal al sadich wa gabal haiyán wadáni.
Illa guthait al lázam illi alaiya
Al lázim illi ma gatha hidáni.
Agub tánáhar dírat-al azujíyah
Illa aman al ras bi zafaráni.
Lait al sabar amen walla dhahiyeh
Walla tawakkad sáhibi wa shiráli.
Umma ghadda Rakan Dhib al sarriya
Willa liffa yishál sáhil hassáni.

NOTE.—The above song was composed to celebrate the return of Rakan al Hithlain, Shaikh of the 'Ajman, from prison in Istambul. He had been there eight years, and the report being current that he had died in captivity, his wife Shagha was taken in marriage by Sultan al Duwish (father of Faisal) head of all the Mutair tribe. The returned exile upbraided Shagha for only waiting seven years and asked why she could not have waited for

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Shagha, Mother of Faisal

him. The distressed Sultan offered to divorce Shagha, but Rakan would not agree to this and himself insisted on putting Shagha away. Shagha had borne Sultan a son, who afterwards became the great Faisal. 533 539

It was before the birth of Faisal that Shagha had her famous dream (recounted elsewhere) that she had given birth to a fiery *mish'db* or camel-stick.